

The Natural Progression of Quarantine

Reed Johnson

At first things were fine
Divine, a break from school
Pool, time to relax

The break was over
Spillover, school to be postponed
Loaned time, just a break?

Piece of cake, free time
Wait in line, six feet apart
Do your part, stay home

Alone, trapped inside
Thrive, stay focused keep working
Lurking, is boredom

Ignore distractions
Actions? What even can we do
“True”, we can still try

Now it seems to be
See, not so easy anymore
Before, not as bad

Not an end in sight
Right, What is that how do we
For me, I don't know

Losing time, gloves, bleach
Each day lived for tomorrow
Sorrow, tough choices

Young and free? Not quite
Sleep at night, then do it again
When, how will it change

Will it be the same
No blame, as we try to wait
Fate? Changel comes again